

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS COLL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 40.—VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1865.

NO. 1030.

THE PORTRAIT;

OR,

INCIDENTS IN MY OWN LIFE.

CONCLUDED.

They both agreed to march England over, wry if they could possibly learn any thing of her—when, in their ruse, they had called on my father. Leaving thence now to pursue their way, I returned again to my aunt's.—When I arrived, Miss Wellers again began the subject of the letters, together with another point received in answer to one we sent.—The first was as follows:—

"Amiable Eliza,

"It is equally impossible for me to exist without seeing as without being near you; the first I often do, and contemplate those charms in silent admiration. What is life without a friend? Without a being in whom we can place sweet confidence, this world appears a vast, Pardon amiable Eliza, these obtrusive lines; and place a note at the feet of the venerable oak in the park.

"CLOUDLY."

Precedence dictates silence with respect to our reply. But we pass to the gentleman's second letter.

"You charge me, Eliza, with wishing to deceive, and blame me for talking of love. But

- How can that passion be a crime
- Which gave Eliza birth?
- How can those joys not be divine
- Which make a heaven on earth?"

No, my dear girl! scorn those foolish fears of rigid old maids, and the more wise sayings of old sages. What can we wish for more than each other? Taste that pleasure, without which life is but a tiresome journey. Haste then to love—"tis like a haven to the sea-beat mariner; he gains it, and there finds repose from all his cares. So shall yours be hushed; so shall it be my business to render more delightful even that which in itself is heaven."

Thoughtless as we were, yet we could fathom the depth of this sophisticated epistle; and knew too well the sentiments of Betsy to be unconscious how dangerous it would be to let her imbibe principles of this nature. She was fond of the romantic, and would have joined her lover in any scheme of this nature.

When I awoke the next morning the house was in the utmost confusion; Miss Wellers was nowhere to be found. I was interrogated pretty sharply by my aunt; but I was as ignorant as the rest; nor could I for a moment suppose what was become of her. My aunt and uncle, expecting her father home every day, were almost out of their senses.—"Oh dear!" says my uncle, "what will the captain say? he will murder us, I'm sure. You know, my dear, I always strove to please her."

"Yes," replied my aunt, "always teasing and worrying the poor thing! Are you stupid!" she halleoed out. "Why don't you search the ponds, and woods, and places?"

This seemed like an electric shock to poor uncle, who was off in a minute. Ponds were dragged, woods searched—all to no purpose. We gave up all hopes of finding her, when in comes an Irishman: "Arrah, my jewels, and is it here you are? Here's my master, the colonel, going after—"

Up jumps my aunt—"Hey, Mr. Teddy, what, are you come home! where is the captain?"

"Who do you mean? my master's a colonel. But I had almost forgot to inform you—no, that isn't it either—to ask you for Miss: master was talking of her all the way home."

"Indeed, Mr. Teddy, said my aunt "we don't know where she is."

"Why what is it you would be at now with a poor Irishman? be sure your master will make you find her; so I'm off to him!"

Away goes Mr. Teddy, my aunt fell a crying, my cousins a sobbing; while poor uncle looked like the picture of stupidity. Before we had recovered ourselves, in came Colonel Wellers. He seemed struck—no one rose to welcome him—no one spoke. At last, I, being the least embarrassed of the party, said I hoped he would take it all that he met with this reception; but an unpleasant circumstance had occurred, which operated so powerfully on us as to cause this confusion.—He approached my aunt, and took her hand, inquiring for Charlotte. My aunt could not reply; I was therefore again obliged to inform him, that Miss Wellers had unaccountably absented herself that morning, since when she could not be found. The colonel swore she should be found, drew his sword, and colored poor uncle, who trembled like a leaf, I begged him not to be so hasty, as he must be convinced it was not owing to either my uncle or aunt that Miss Wellers was missing; she was too old to be treated like a child. The colonel released my uncle, and sat down, desiring to know every particular.

Here again I was ordered home to attend the wedding of Sir Charles, therefore must leave them to pacify the angry colonel as they can; but I was detained by my mother with preparations for my appearance; so that when I arrived the ceremony had been performed for some days, it taking place sooner than was proposed.

I was now favoured with the remaining part of Sir Charles's history. After having travelled a long way on their intended search, they met with an old woman, who informed them she had a child brought to her some years before, and a sum of money given to her to conceal the child: she thought she was the very picture of the miniature. They flew immediately to the cottage, and saw Rosina at work. Struck with the resemblance, the captain owned her for his daughter. They gave the old woman some money, and brought Rosina home to the castle. After a short time he proposed marriage to her and the captain, which was

assented to by both; so much did she bear resemblance to the portrait, and so much did they think her the child they sought.

Every thing was prepared for a splendid wedding. The day arrived: Sir Charles, accompanied by the fair Rosina, the captain, and friends, entered the church. A rosiest hue tinged the beautiful countenance of the lovely maid. They approached the altar—the ceremony began, when a cry of, "Stop the marriage!" was heard. Old farmer Jenkins entered, supporting on one hand Mary, and on the other a sickly emaciated woman, looking almost like a spectre: Every one was astonished. Sir Charles desired to know the meaning of this, when the old man replied, "In your search for the daughter of captain D'Alville, you have overlooked poor Mary, who is the true daughter. Look, captain," continued the farmer, "can you not, in this station, behold your once-loved wife?"

"Impossible!" said the captain.

"Not so impossible as you may think," replied the farmer: "the wound was not mortal. Fifteen long years has this penitent been an inmate of my cottage. I informed her of the resemblance I thought she bore to the portrait in the gallery; when she placed a confidence in me, and made me swear never to reveal her secret till a time like the present arrived. Although the poor unhappy creature has erred, yet think from what a crime Sir Charles saved you: pure as that of an angel for these fifteen years has been her life."

The captain stood irresolute—Rosina blushed, and knew not what to do. Mary was supporting her mother; and, in that attitude, seemed an angel, waiting to convey a spirit to the realms of bliss. Sir Charles at length broke silence. "Come, captain," said he, "receive a penitent to your arms, and let your mutual embrace seal your forgiveness."

The captain's feelings of pity reviving in his bosom; he folded his wife in his arms, and acknowledged her.

The ceremony was, for the present, put a stop to. At a loss how to act, Sir Charles knew not what to do. As a man of honour, it became him to marry Rosina; as a man of honour, it became him not to marry her. He had promised to trace the original of the portrait and marry her. He had, by unforeseen events, met with the original, but he could not marry her. Still, there was the daughter of that original, and that daughter the child of his father's friend. While Sir Charles was revolving this in his mind, the beautiful and simple cottage maid, Mary, entered, and determined him at once to marry her—which he did a few days before my arrival: but what surprised me more than all was to find in Rosina my old friend, Miss Wellers; who candidly informed me, that upon the reception of the last letter from the admirer of Miss Betsy, she was determined to meet him herself; which she did, and paid that forfeit which every woman deserves to pay, who acts upon the same principles. After a short time, her lover left her; and hearing Sir Charles was in search of a lady resembling a miniature, she thought if

she threw herself in his way she probably might be like it. She was indeed so much so, that Sir Charles had nearly been deceived.

I advised her immediately to return to her father, who was at my uncle's. I promised to keep the secret. We soon arrived, to the joy of all the family. An excuse was invented; the joy of finding her prevented a nicer scrutiny. By her good conduct in future she obtained the hand of a very worthy gentleman; while I am still a maid.

J. J.

VARIETY.

• *Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.*

A Fancied gentleman had courted a young lady some months, at last the mother asked him whether, by thus continuing his courtship to her daughter, he meant to marry her, or otherwise. To tell you the truth, madam, replied he, it is for otherwise.

Drink never changes, but only shows our natures. A sober man, when drunk, has the same kind of stupidity about him that a drunken man has when he is sober.

Voltaire says, labour delivers us from three great evils, weariness, want, and vice.

When Woodward first played Sir John Brute, Garrick was induced, from curiosity, or perhaps jealousy, to be present. A few days after, when they met, Woodward asked Garrick how he liked him in the part, adding "I think I struck out some beauties in it." "I think (said Garrick) that you struck out all the beauties."

SAWYER was the first who let fly the shafts of satire against the Monks.—A native of Provence complained to an attorney at Paris, that he had been cheated by a monk. "What, Sir," says Sawyer, who was present, "a man of your years not know the monks?—There are four things in the world you should always guard against: the face of a woman, the hind part of a mule, the side of a cart, and a monk on all sides."

WRITTEN AT AN INN.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate I
I fly from falsehood's specious grin!
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chase my lodgings at an Inn.

Here, Waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which luckless else might hope to win;
Oh buy what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an Inn.

Who'er has travel'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn.

EPICGRAM.

• Harry, I cannot think, (says Dick.)
• What makes my ankles grow so thick?
• You do not recollect, (says Harry.)
• How great a calf they have to carry!"

THE WEDDING RING.

ANNETTE was milder than the dew,
That spangled Aaron's scented grove;
And Lubin, constant, fond, and true,
As ever told the tale of love.

One eve, with chaste yet mantling smile,
He bade her 'guess what he could bring;
Then from a bosom void of guile,
He blushed, and, trembling, took a Ring.

The maiden blushed, and, sighed, sighed—
"Oh, Cupid! 'twas a charming scene,"
And with affected coyness cried,
"Dear! what can such a trinket mean?"

"Mean," said the youth, with glowing cheek,
And hurried that she so mistook;
"A ring dove dropt it from his beak,
I picked it up in yonder brook."

And much we were, my lovely fair,
To this kind token of the dove,
Who dropt it for the purpose there,
A faithful smidgen of our love.

It is of *dear* gold, refined,
"A finer 'twould not say," he said;
And polished, like my Annette's mind,
As simply elegant and pure.

It's *round* too—what is that to prove!
To what can such an emblem tend?
What! but the *round* of love!
A love, like *gold*, that knows no end.

Annette, they say, was in this cure,
No sorcery here, no less art;
That in this finger-ring's a nerve
Which leads directly to the heart.

Touched by this gold—for raptured there
Love's charming witcheries are such,
Fancy would fain to declare
The thrilling pleasure—shall I touch?

It struck her finger—raptured quite,
She cried, "You're foolish, get you gone!
Yet, if the touch be such delight,
What happens to put it on!"

He seized the hint: the willing maid
Scarcely knew what she had said or done;
But love's sweet influence obeyed,
And kissed the ring that made them one.

And now, when rude or playful jest
At happy wedlock has its sting,
She claps her Lubin to his breast,
And smiling shows her—*Wedding Ring*.

MORN OF EXECUTION.

'Tis morn, the hopeless victim cries,
As bound with ponderous chains he lies,
Within his gloomy cell:
'Tis morn, the last that comes to me,
For I, ere eve, deep sunk shall be
In earth—within this shell.

Hark! surely now the sheriff's sigh;
Methinks I hear the awful cry,
Amidst the din of throng:
I come as duty hither draws,
I come to execute the laws,
Which punish public wrongs.

Soon through the crowd, in awful state,
Slow verging to the goal of fate,
The sad procession goes:
When thus the trembling victim's found,
Friends, Parents, Children thronging round,
Make more intense his woes.

He sighs to Heaven in ardent prayers,
But who shall tell the thoughts and cares,
That agitate his breast?
He seeks death's Kingdom with a bound,
The people hurrying all around,
Oh! may they soon have rest.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.

It has long been remarked that this world is a true comedy, and, divided into halves, respectively laugh at each other. Though the tone of high life differs, a kind of *satire* is everywhere to be seen, given rise to the idea that upper life is nothing but a masked ball, it is nevertheless, in that sphere alone men must be studied.

The art of contrast, as striking on the dramatic scene as in nature, shines in those scenes with all their leaves, and may readily be discriminated by an attentive observer; after having seen some excellent copies at the theatres, we have always been much gratified in the meeting of the originals in society. I do not know if that species of disposition is an eulogium on our hearts, but it exists, and most assuredly it is the state of the world as it is.

I was acquainted some time since, and was, indeed, very intimate with two people, whose characters were extremely sympathetic. Perhaps even, and I must acknowledge it, the pleasure they procured me by their caprices inspired in me much friendship for them; that infatuated egotism penetrates itself every where, and we sometimes exult in the people, we have occasion for, to dissiminate the necessity we have for their acquaintances.

However that may be, it is impossible to meet two persons of more opposite characters, and who is astonishing of more affection for each other; and could not see each other without quarrelling. One said *blat* covertly because the other said *blat*; the former persisted that *two and two are four*, the latter would have said that it was a ridiculous error, and he would not be made the dupe of an argument.

One morning I called at one of their houses. He was in his study. "Oh, good fellow," said he, as soon as he saw me, "I am one of the most fortunate of men in the world, look you will; my chest has been robbed." "Yes," I answered, "I perceive the luck has been forced, but did not exactly discover what there is to excite such rejoicing." "He bind you are," he replied, "striking his hands, and exclaiming by all his actions, 'the greatest joy, I don't see that the thieves who robbed my chest have not found the five hundred pounds that were concealed in it.' They have taken two hundred and fifty pounds from the chest, and have left five hundred pounds in the secret drawer; was ever any thing so fortunate. Yes, my friend, I conceive myself the most fortunate man in the world; if they had discovered the secret drawer I should have been completely and inevitably ruined."

He was in the ecstasy of joy; he did not think of the two hundred and fifty pounds he was robbed of; he thought only of the five hundred pounds he had saved. As to me, I had some difficulty to comprehend him. I could not reconcile myself to that kind of fortune; I, however, admired what we call philosophy, which is often considered according to the idea of the object.

I went to see my other friend, to relate the same I had witnessed. I found him with a paper in his hand, anger in his eyes, and invective in his mouth. "The rascals," said he, "will not be satisfied till they have drove me to the workhouse; don't you think," said he as I entered, "don't you think, my dear fellow, that I am right? Here is the receipt of my expenses for the year, it is double what it was the preceding. I am exasperated beyond measure; I will dismiss every remainder of them." "You should dismiss them," said I, "if they have deceived you; but I think I perceive that if the bill is double this year, the crops are also four times more abundant than last year." "That has nothing to do with it," he replied, "I am robbed, I am ruined, I am one of the most unfortunate of men! Instead of sharing his grief, and encouraging his complaints, I began to admire the adroitness of the robbed chest, and the joy his friend evinced in discovering he had not lost the whole of his property. I told him the whole.

He answered that his friend was mad, and should be put into a mad-house. His friend, to whom I afterwards related the adventure of his bill of expenses, positively said the same thing of him. "He is a fool, and should be put in the mad-house."

It is, therefore, true that every man has his whim, and we only see those of others.

It is also true, that one half of the world laughs at the other half.

To draw a kind of moral from above, this inference may be cited for an apology, that the most

we have lived in the world, the more we incline to be indulgent. Concordance is said to engender cruelty, and it is said to engender ignorance that produces a disorganised intolerance.

J. B. B.

ON AVARICE.

It has been said that there have been illustrious villains, but no illustrious misers. This opinion is, however, contradicted by the example of the celebrated Duke of Menthmore. This man coveted gold, but he still more coveted gold, and in order to satisfy this shameful cupidity, no means were too shameful for him. A person who wished to obtain a lucrative place, went to beg his assistance in procuring it. "If I obtain it," said he, "I have a thousand guineas at your grace's service, and you may be assured I shall not mention it to any one." "Give me two thousand," answered the duke, "and tell me, if you chuse, to all the world." On the evening before the battle of Hochstet, Prince Eugene went into the duke's tent, to consult with him upon the plan for the next day. As soon as he retired, the duke sealed his servant out of his tent, for having lighted a wax candle in his tent, when two would have been quite sufficient.

His avarice was universally known. Lord Peterborough, one of the bravest and most generous of men, was once accused by a poor man begging charity, calling him an Lord Menthmore. "My Menthmore," cried he, "I am sure I am not Menthmore (this). The beggar was much surprised at receiving a guinea for having taken a mile. I shall add another singularity. I was in my youth acquainted with a man in whom avarice was united to all the social and domestic virtues. He was a good master, a good landlord, a good father, a good friend. As a magistrate, he acted with justice and integrity. Although he was extremely parsimonious in all his personal wants, he always wished his wife to appear like other women in his station; and he spared no necessary expense for the education of his son and daughter, but he exacted the expense as closely as possible. He sold the lands, although their value was nearly doubled in that time; but he required his tenants to pay their rents exactly on the appointed days, on pain of being turned out at the expiration of their leases. He often lent money, when he was sure of being repaid, but he never would take more than four per cent interest, although he might legally have taken five. "It is enough," said he, "when the capital is not endangered, my lands do not bring me in as much."

One of his particular friends, whose ill-conduct in the employment of his fortune he was grieved at, had an urgent occasion to borrow 600l. He addressed himself to his friend, and made his distress known. "With your easiness, and the disorder of your affairs, I am well acquainted," says our miser, "and, therefore, I cannot in conscience lend you a sum which you are not sure of being able to return, and which I reserve for my daughter's portion." "Well," replied the friend, "I have got my wife's diamond necklace in my pocket. She has permitted me to pawn it, but the sum to whom I applied will not lend me the money on it for less than one and a half per cent. per month." "In this case," said the miser, "give me the necklace, I will lend you the 600l., without more than common interest. At first no risk as to being repaid; I do not wish to receive any benefit from a service which I render to my friend, and which costs me nothing!"

A most wonderful curiosity has lately been sent to J. Selward, Esq. Portman square, London; it is a hawk of a very large size, caught at the Cape of Good Hope; round his neck is a gold collar of curious workmanship, on which have been discovered the words: "This precious Hawk-dog belongs to his most excellent Majesty James King of England, J. D. 1610." The hawk will bring a degree of vigour, and the only symptom of old age discoverable is a dimness of sight, and a change in the colour of the feathers round the neck.

London, Sept. 1792

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 12, 1808.

The city inspector reports the death of 32 persons (of whom 6 were men, 11 women, 7 boys, and 4 girls), during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of burn 1, consumption 7, convulsions 4, debility 1, dent 1, dropsy 2, intermittent fever 1, remittent fever 1, typhus fever 3, hives 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, insanity 1, old age 1, sore throat 1, stillborn 1, whooping cough 2, and 2 have been wickedly sacrificed to the small pox.

An attempt was made on Saturday night to rob the store of Mr. John McKinley, No. 112 Front-street, by some ruffians, who cut a hole through the back window shutter.—It is supposed they were deterred from entering, by the barking of a large dog that was left in the store. It is worthy of remark, that this faithful animal could not be enticed away from the store on Saturday evening, although always ready to follow his master on other evenings. Indeed, I am told, they sometimes find it difficult to keep him there.

Pub. des.

The Congress of the United States assembled at Washington on Monday, and formed a quorum; 88 members being present in the house of representatives, and 25 (more than the necessary number) in the Senate. A committee waited on the President, who appointed 12 o'clock on Tuesday to communicate a message in writing to both houses.

We understand the governor of the States of Pennsylvania and Virginia have received a letter from the Secretary of War, directing their quota of 100,000 mules, to be held in readiness, to march at a moment's warning.

Lewis's Tragedy of ADELPHI, we are told, is to make its first appearance on Monday next. Those who are familiar with the genius of the writer, will entertain no doubt of its proving a source of high intellectual pleasure, to many successive audiences. In the closet it is a piece of great interest, delighting by the harmony and force of its style, and instructing by the moral which its fable inculcates.

"—Facilis descensus Avernus;
Nec revocare gradum
Hoc opus, hic labor est!"

"Tis in man's choice never to sin at all,
But sinning once, to stop exceeds his power."

An additional excitement to the lovers of the drama, if any is necessary to engage attention and rouse curiosity on this occasion, is, that probably, this will be the only opportunity Mr. Cooper will have this season, of exhibiting a new character to the public, and evincing the variety as well as excellence of his scenic powers.

American Citizen.

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE
ON MODERATE TERMS.

S. DAWSON'S
WARRANTED DURABLE INK,
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,
FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No. 3, Peck Slip,
and at the Proprietor's, 46, Franklin-street

COURT OF HYMEN.

When fascinating beauty smiles,
Though deemed a transient flower;
Vain man, with all his boasted might,
Submissive owns its power.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening the 3d instant, by the Rev Mr. Williams, Mr. L. N. Underhill, to Miss Sarah Smith, all of this city.

On Thursday evening the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. Robert Kennedy, to Mrs. Sarah Jakes, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last by the Rev Mr. Townley, Mr. Isaac Fairchild to Miss Anner Travis, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. James Warr, to Miss Lucy Brown, all of this city.

On Friday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Warren, Mr. John Plome, to Miss Mary Meeks daughter of Mr. E. Meeks all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Henry Titus, to Miss Ann J. Seaman, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Lemuel Stett of Peckskill, to Miss Susan Eldridge, of Tarry Town.

On the same day, by the Rev Ralph Wilson, Mr. Conrad Roberts to Mrs. Elizabeth McKean, both of Hackensack.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Koyne, Mr. James Masterton, to Miss Ann Proudfoot, daughter of Mr. Lawrence Proudfoot, all of this city.

On Wednesday evening, by the Rev G. Seixas Mr. Moses B. Seixas, to Miss Judith Levy, daughter of Mr. Jacob Levy, all of this city.

On Monday evening, the 24th ult, at Newburgh, Mr. John I. Menden, to Miss Rachel Marven.

At Charleston, John Kerr, merchant, to Miss Ann M. Perie.

At Halifax, Mr. John Howe, jun. printer, to Miss Hattie Haines.

NOTICE.

The bliss of human kind flies swiftly away
From dreams of love, alas! how soon we're torn!
The sun of joy scarce darts its gladdening ray,
When clouds of sorrow, and we wake to mourn.

DIED.

On Sunday night last, after a short illness, Mr. E. E. Emmott, grocer.

On the same night, of a consumption, Mrs. Nancy G. Day, wife of Mr. Daniel D., and daughter of Mr. Abraham Morrell, deceased, late of Elizabeth Town.

On Wednesday morning, after a lingering illness, Mr. Henry Raymond.

At Wilmington, North Carolina, Charles Jones, aged 56, a native of this state.

At Jamaica, Long Island, on the 3d instant, Mrs. Elizabeth Price, late of the island of Jamaica, and mother to Charles Gordon Gray, Esq. of Bristol, England.

At Baltimore, Mr. Lucas George, late of St. Mary's College, after a painful illness of 5 months, which he bore with christian fortitude.

At same place, Mr. Alexander Boland, printer.

At same place, John Snowden, Esq. aged 71.

At same place, Mr. Walter Ross, aged 62, a respectable merchant.

MISS ADAMS

Informs her friends, that she continues to make Riding habits, Coats, and Pelisses, with Mantua-making of every description, likewise Corsets, of the most fashionable manner, at No. 117, William-street.

October 22. 1827—&c.

EMBROIDERING CHINKLES,
ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale
at No 104 Maiden lane

FOR SALE.

At Mrs. Millers No. 145 William Street a handsome assortment of English straw Mats.

AUTUMNAL ODE.

Summer's glories are departing,
Gloomy N. inter presses on—
into life but lately starting,
Flowers say they must be gone.

Down the southern regions stealing,
See the Sun—he courting goes
Like a fickle lover dealing,
Leaves, but yet reluctance shows.

Permanence no where presenting,
Boasts itself in human things
Strongest, sternest, all rejecting,
Novelties perpetual spring.

Little, seem, still ever falling,
Is the circumstance of man;
Small his force and unavailing,
Ending just as it began.

Over the Sea of short existence,
Various pleasures lure his sail,
Folly shortens e'ry distance,
Hope, delusive hope is the gale.

Vigour, beauty, ever moving,
Visit every shape and size;
Mere forlunking, then inspiring,
Man, beast, fishes, fowls and flies.

Blended in one common portion,
All are swept beneath the sky,
Say where to this wide abjection,
Whither active spirits fly!

Just emerg'd to life surprising,
Wondering intellectual rise
Scenes, untaught by Poets, rising
Strange as ever pencil draws.

Wild delights enwing their fancies,
In impassive life they lay;
Sweeter than the lightning glances,
Purer than the visual ray.

To this happy region tending,
Let me vigorous health employ;
Where no fear, no loss impending,
Joy can only change for joy.

Let no guilty, sad reflection,
Unremitted know my mind;
Move my soul to kind direction,
To the whole of human kind!

Innocence and Truth combining,
Smile, if huge its thunders roll;
Fraud and Malice, ill designing,
Shock, but cannot wound, the Soul.

Th' usual voices round us storming,
Everlasting warfare keep;
Providence the whole reforming,
Bids the individual weep.

But his tears are not forgotten,
In a world on Virtue's plain—
Snatched from all that's weak and rotten,
Lives the here regretted man.

Early hours, pomp and rattle,
How and wheresoe'er thrown,
Like a man inspired on Cattle,
Prove us only not our own.

Mining under degradation,
Yet all souls of human race
Fly their vain imagination,
Each to rise above his place.

But in different scale of being,
Higher Worth alone resides,
Where, from vile Corruption freeing,
Excellence of Mind presides.

Spirit, then, its value tasting,
Rises mighty o'er this God,
To exalt glories hasting,
In the presence of his God!

BILIOUS CORDIAL.

An immediate, safe, and effectual remedy in the most inveterate cases of *BILIOUS COLIC*, and is peculiarly proper in all complaints proceeding from a redundancy of *acids*—is *easy* to use in great advantage in Complaints of the *Stomach*, and is as agreeable as efficacious.

A supply of the above cordial is now received from the proprietor (a resident of *New York*), who having witnessed the happy effects resulting from its use for several years past, cannot but be a duty highly incumbent to place it more in the way of his fellow-creatures.

Numerous affidavits (and those the most respectable) might be produced of its utility and effects, but these auxiliaries are, too often abused in recommending truth as specific in every complaint.

A trial of the *Bilious Cordial* will in itself be its best recommendation.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

CISTERN.

Made and put in the ground complete warranted, tight, by
C ALFORD
No 15 Catherine street, near the Watch house

RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office.

LESSONS ON THE PIANO-FORTE.

FREDERICK W. DANNENBERG
Proposes to give Lessons on the Piano-Forte, at his residence, No. 60, Maiden-lane, on the following Terms.

1. To enable him to pay the most attention to the progress of his Pupils, he will engage with Only Twelve Scholars at a time. Class, and is to be taught at a time.
2. Each class to receive their lessons twice a week, from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.
3. Each class to consist of scholars of equal capacity, so as to render the instructions in their progress equally beneficial to all.
4. As soon as six scholars have offered, the Tuition to commence.
5. Terms \$12 30 cents per quarter, for each scholar.

Mr. Dannenberg pledges himself, that his pupils shall have the strictest attention paid to their accomplishment in this branch of Police Education.

N. B. He continues giving Private Lessons on the Piano-forte at his House, and attends Ladies at their Houses, if required.

For sale, a very fine toned GRAND PIANO-FORTE, of Messrs. Broadwood and Son, London—selected by Mr. Frederick Hauch.
October 22. 1827—61

MINIATURE PAINTING.

P. PARISEN
Respectfully informs the Ladies and gentlemen, that he continues to paint likenesses, from 3 to 10 dollars each—the likenesses and painting warranted to please. Specimens to be seen at No. 104, Chatham-Street, where Gold Lockets, Bracelets, and all kinds of Hair Work, is executed on the most reasonable terms.
Nov. 3. 1827—41

JEWELRY.

At No. 200 Broadway.
EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to No 200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with their approbation

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold ear rings, breast pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl, plain and enamelled, and of every fashion, hair worked necklaces and gold do. bracelets, clasp, chains, watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention: he will sell at the low as prices and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory to be equal to any

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER,
FROM LONDON.

At the Sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Oil, smelling Wash Ball far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin from chapping, and an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass
Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions. 3s 4s 6s and 12s bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Citron for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's Tonic Paste warranted

Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d
Smith's Saponnette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4s and 8s per pot, do paste

Smith's Cynical Denticif Tooth Powder for teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superior Hair-Powder. Almond powder for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Cassia or Antique Oil for curling, straightening and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatus 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cream, made on chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 2s and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

Ladies silk Brasers. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Straps, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

8 Trunks Marcellus Popote n
Great allowance to those who buy to sell again
January 1, 1828

WHITE TEETH.

Doctor Fay, Surgeon Dentist, No. 12 Bowry Lane continues to perform every necessary operation upon the Teeth & Gums, inserts artificial Teeth with little or no pain, firm & natural as life. Files, pliers, and extracts Teeth in the easiest & neatest manner. Cleans Teeth without the usual disagreeable necessity of the file or instrument, or the least injury to the enamel, and gives them a most beautiful ivory whiteness. By the use of his Specific Lotion for the teeth, which is prepared and sold at his Office only, at 30 Cents per Bottle. It is warranted harmless & a sure cure for the Scoury.
September 10th 1828 1827 if

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISSON

NO. 3 PECK SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per An.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE